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The Centreville Observer.

VOL. VIII. CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND, JUNE 27, 1871. NO. 2.

Grand Pleasure Excursion
TO
HOLLY GROVE AND BALTIMORE.

THE undersighed having chartered the safe, swift and commodious **STEAMBOAT KENT**, Capt. A. B. Fields, will give an Excursion from Chestertown to *HOLLY GROVE AND BALTIMORE*, on

WEDNESDAY, June 28th, 1871.

The steamer will leave Chestertown at 7 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Wilkin's, Booker's, Wescott's, Spencer's, Corsica, Gray's Inn Creek, opposite Queenstown, and Kent Island. The Holly Grove

Military and Cotillion Band

have been engaged for the occasion, and will be under the control of Mr William D. Keating, floor manager.

DINNER, SUPPER and REFRESHMENTS will be provided on Board by an experienced caterer.

The Steamer will stop at Holly Grove on her way to Baltimore, to land those who wish to do so, and will remain in Baltimore two hours, thus enabling business men and others ample time to transact their business and return the same day, and stopping at all the above named landings on her return. No efforts will be spared to make this one of the most pleasant excursions that ever went from Chester River.

The bar will positively be closed, and no intoxicating drinks will be allowed on the boat. The following gentlemen have consented to serve as managers:

W. Scott Roberts,	George Perkins,
Robert Kemp,	Col. Edw. Wilkins,
Dr. C. M. Newman,	E. H. Brown,
A. G. Weedon,	Thos. A. Embert,
Sam'l J. Wickes,	Samuel Ringgold.

Single Tickets - - - - $1.50,
Lady and Gentleman - - $2.50,
Children under 14 years, .75

Tickets to be had at the wharves on the morning of the excursion.

F. W. NEAVITT,
MARION DAWSON.

June 13, 3t.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Queen Anne's County letters of administration of the estate of

MARY E. BLAKE,

late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the sixth day of January, 1872, they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of May, 1871.

TRUEMAN C. SLINGLUFF,

June 6, 1871 4t

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Queen Anne's county, letters of administration on the personal estate of

JOHN F. HUCORN,

late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 6th day of January, 1872, otherwise they may, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

Given under my hand and seal this 23d day of May in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-one.

WM. C. GIBSON,
June 6, 1871-4t. Administrator

Public Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after the date of this advertisement, the undersigned, citizens of Queen Anne's county will petition the honorable County Commissioners for said county to appoint Examiners to examine, and, if they shall believe the public convenience requires it, to open a new public road from Crumpton, through the lands of Joseph C. Sheppard, Wm. Booker and others, to a place called Holden's Hill.

S. G. SWART.
D. R. WOODALL,
THOS. LUSBY.

June 6, 1871-4t.

Dividend Notice.

By virtue of authority derived from the Orphans Court for Queen Anne's county, notice is hereby given to the creditors of Charles Hadley, n, deceased, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills for said county,

FOR A DIVIDEND,

on or before the 4th day of November, 1871, otherwise they may, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's estate.

JOHN W. TEMPLE,
Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a.

June 6, 1871-4t.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned citizens and tax-payers of Queen Anne's county intend to petition the honorable County Commissioners for said county for permission to close up so much of the public road from the Centreville and Wye Mills road to the Centreville and Wye Neck road as passes through the farm of Wm. F. Parrott.

WM. F. PARROTT,
WM. H. PRICE,
THOMAS W. HOPPER.

June 6, 1871-4t.

JOHN W. IRVING,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Centreville, Md.,

Has received the Spring and Summer Fashions from New York and Paris, and is ready to cut and make garments in the most fashionable manner. Fits guaranteed in all garments made by him. He returns thanks for the generous patronage bestowed upon him, and solicits a call from the public generally. Shop over Wooters' Drug Store.

May 2, 1871-tf.

TRIPS RESUMED
AND
FREIGHT REDUCED.

On and after February 27, 1871, the Steamer

OSCEOLA

will run as follows: Leave her wharf, Centreville Landing, every Monday and Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Baltimore. Returning, will leave her wharf, foot of Patterson Street, Baltimore, every Wednesday at 2 o'clock, and Friday at 6 o'clock, P. M., for the accommodation of the public. She will carry passengers, freight and all kinds of produce. The freight on Grain is reduced to 5 cents per bushel by weight, and all other freight in proportion. Farmers will see that by the above arrangement the boat will remain in Baltimore two days for the disposal of grain and the reception of freight, and it will certainly be to their advantage and that of the public generally. My experience in the business is that grain has brought better prices in bags, and we yet have the second lot of grain to be thrown up or rejected, for when sold it is delivered by drays at once at my expense.

WILLIAM H. ROSS, Captain.
ISAAC HAYDEN, Owner.

Feb. 28, 1871-y

JOSEPH GUEST,
CABINET - MAKER
— AND —
UNDERTAKER,
CENTRE HILL, MD.,

Respectfully informs the public that he is still engaged in the above business, and is prepared to do any work in his line. For Coffins his price will be:

PLAIN OIL FINISH, $2.50 per foot;
WITH USUAL FINISH, $3 per foot;
EXTRA FINISH, from $4 to $5 per foot.

He solicits a share of public patronage, feeling confident that he can please all who may give him a trial.

He is also Justice of the Peace and Collector of Claims, in both of which he also solicits a share of public patronage.

Feb. 28, 1871-tf

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &C.

The undersigned having purchased the stock of goods of Solomon B. Wright, at Wye Mills, and added to it a large and well selected variety of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., respectfully solicits a call from the public.—Everything usually found in a country store will be kept. Their terms being exclusively cash or country produce, they can and will sell at a very small advance over Baltimore prices. Public patronage solicited.

N. B.—A [illegible]
Casings, &c., &c.

WM. H. DENNEY & BRO.
[illegible]

CHESTER RIVER
Steamboat Company.

On and after THURSDAY, January 19, 1871, the Steamer CHESTER will leave PIER 7, Light-street wharf, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7 o'clock, A. M., for Kent Island, Gray's Inn, Corsica, Spencer's, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's, Chestertown, Round Top and Crumpton.

Returning, leave Crumpton at 6½ o'clock MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, touching at the above landings.

N. B.—Freight received Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

A. T. JOYNES, Agent.

Jan. 24, 1871.

J. WEST THOMPSON, JR. A. R. WEEDON.
THOMPSON & WEEDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Messrs. Thompson & Weedon announce to their friends, that they have associated themselves together for the practice of law in Queen Annes and the adjoining counties.—Business promptly attended to. Special attention paid to the purchase and sale of real estate and collection of claims. Office on the corner of Liberty street and Lawyers' Row, Centreville, Md.

Oct. 4, 1870-1y

PUMPS! PUMPS!!

Great reduction in price. Owing to the tightness of times and scarcity of money, I will make for cash new pumps at 25 cts. per foot; Boxes, Spout and Joint $3.00, Dig and Brick New Wells for 35 cts. per foot. Cylinder $1.50.

Special attention given to repairing. Cucumber Pumps furnished when desired. All orders left at the clothing store of W. H. Smith, opposite the old Brick Hotel, will be promptly attended to.

W. N. JOHNS.

April 4, 1871-3m.

S. E. DYOTT

Has just received another large and well selected stock of

SUMMER GOODS,

consisting of Ladies' Dress Goods of the latest styles and varieties. Ladies wishing to purchase a nice dress of any description should call before purchasing elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND LINENS,

For Men and Boys.

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, GAITORS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &C., which purchasers will find greatly to their interest to examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Tea Setts.

French and Stone China Tea Setts, at the one price cash store. McKENNEY & Co.

CART GEAR and parts of same, also Wagon Gear, for sale at the Hardware Store of

McKENNEY & HALL.

Hams and Lard.

City, Sugar Cured and E. S. Hams of best quality and small size. E. S. and Baltimore, Refined Lard, at the one price cash store.

McKENNEY & Co.

Flavoring Extracts.

Peach, Rose, Almond, Pine Apple, Strawberry, Vanilla, Lemon and Orange. Davis and Miller and Burnetts. Sold at

WOOTERS' DRUG STORE.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross ways, and Betsy and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness and rest for our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" says you. I swan! it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I've taken with Betsy, and Betsy has taken with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've a gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart!
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh or bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first I remember wherein we disagreed
Was somethin' concernin heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket certain—the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion and Betsy another feel;
And when we were done a talkin' both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke;
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dimensions in our grief,
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a rumin up;
And so that heaven [illegible] got.

And so the thing kept [illegible] all the self-same way,
Always something to arg'e and something sharp to say;
And down on us come the neighbors a couple down strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary work—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin, the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman why then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine,
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And its nothing more than just that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead, a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home,
And I have always determined, and never failed to say
That Betsy should never want a home if I were taken away.

There is a little money that's drawin' tol'ble pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was alfar good to me, except with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer and several other chaps,
And all of 'em was flustered and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by when she was out of sight,
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right.
And then in the mornin' I'll send it to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me it didn't occur—
That when I am dead at last she shall bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I were happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled her.

EXTREME SENTIMENT.

We entertain a high respect for the memory of those who surrender their lives in what they conscientiously believe true, just and patriotic cause, whether North or South, East or West. There is also something touchingly beautiful in perpetuating the recollection of friends. There are many, we doubt not, in sympathy with our Southern friends, who will admiringly read the remarks made by Father Ryan at a pic-nic, held recently near Mobile for the purpose of raising money to erect a monument to the martyred dead of that city. He spoke as follows:

"We should be thankful to the best Government the world ever saw that we are allowed to amuse ourselves, and yet under our amusement to have a principle as permanent as the monument which the Association intend to build. He hoped it was not a Ku-Klux assembly which he addressed, as, in such a case, we might all be arrested under the beautiful law for such cases made and provided. He was not a Ku-Klux, whatever they might be, but he was, and was willing to be called a Confederate; nay, he had no objection to the good old name 'rebel.'—There is in this day much talk of policy. There was a day when policy knelt at the throne of right; but now it had usurped the place of principle, and there were many who would make it kneel to and do the biddings of policy. Yet some of us still prefer principle to the cool calculations of policy. Not in the spirit of this age the hope still animates us in our adherence to cherished principles, but with a higher object, which will hallow the amusements of the hour. That object is to build a monument, not to illustrate the deeds of the men who wore the gray—these are beyond any human illustration—but to show that there were men brave enough to die for the principles they professed, and that there are others brave enough to build their monument. There is in the human heart an instinct to love the brave and true. It is sometimes hard to remember the past; to cling to buried times, to let memory, like a weariness sentinel, pace up and down the valleys of the glorious past.—But he felt that all those who had come to grace this assemblage were true to the cause that is now commemorated, and would pass by the throne of wrong to kneel, with prayer on their lips and tears in their eyes, at the grave of right. In the fall of that cause principle did not go down. The surrender of swords was not the surrender of sentiments; it was only the policy of resistance that we surrendered; and when we did surrender, we appealed to the Court where right is right, and as we lifted our manacled hands to that tribunal, where right never pleaded in vain, we felt in our hearts that the day would come when the rock of wrong would be rolled away from the sepulchre of our hopes, and that for the Good Friday of our sorrows *there would be an Easter Sunday morning of resurrection for our dear Lost Cause.* * * * But he feared he might be too rash if he spoke longer. Curious ears might receive his remarks, and captious tongues might say that he *and the men who gave him their applause* were not loyal—a very sweet word, and one which sometimes means much. Sometimes allusion to the present is apostacy to the past; but far be such a thing from us.

We are in gloom now, but the sun will yet rise on a bright morning, as sure as the sun rose after that sad April day, when Lee surrendered his untarnished sword to the wisest man that ever won ephemeral honor in this world. [Applause.] They had interrupted him.—He did not mean any disrespect to Gen. Grant; but grant him all he ought to get, and as he permits us to assemble here, he thanks him for that. But as he might be interrupted again, and as he did not want to subject himself to another interruption, he would give way to the social enjoyments of the evening. But first, never let our hearts cease to throb with the memories of the past. We did once surrender at Fort Sumter, and over it waved the banner of the South. Here in our hearts, is a Fort Sumter, and over it waves the flag of the stars and bars.—All the arms of earth may beat against it, but it is impregnable. Never say "surrender" to any for. Let us keep our hearts unconquered, and firm over the ruins of liberty and the graves of our heroes, and protest against any policy which would have us neglect their memories.—It is good to be loyal, but the best loyalty, which centres where there is no mercenary consideration to attach it, on the brightest page of human history."

There are some who entertain the opinion, that under all circumstances, though these memorial ceremonies are romantic and beautiful, it might, ultimately, be better to dispense with them on both sides, especially if in any way connected with our late civil war. They are prone to keep alive embittered feelings which ought to be forgotten. We would have the dead past bury its dead, and all things of a disagreeable character relating thereto forgotten. The North fought that our people might live together again. The South, too, struggled heroically, bravely, gallantly, for what her people conceived a just principal and was unsuccessful. Better, therefore, live henceforward in the cultivation of peace and good will towards one another than nurture useless strifes, by the indulgence of extreme sentiment.

Even Jefferson Davis, highly as he is esteemed, has been severely censured by his own Southern friends, and many Democratic journals of the south, for uttering in recent speeches, sentiments and opinions somewhat similar to those set forth by Father Ryan, in the remarks above quoted.

A Conservation, altogether commendable, is taking hold of a vast majority of our people, and by none more hopefully encouraged and exemplified than the great, growing, and soon-to-be-triumphant Conservative Democratic party of the United States. Let us, therefore, strive to harmonize and overlook past grievances.

For the Observer.

WYE NECK, June 18th 1871.

DEAR OBSERVER:—In the perfume of June's roses, in the glorious sky, and fervid air, but, most of all, in the fields of ripened grain that stretch before us, we acknowledge that the reign of summer has commenced, Harvest time is in full away, and here as elsewhere, you know what a busy, merry season it is.—Although I cannot conceive any possible subject for mirth in the fact of working so hard, beneath the intense heat of the summer sun, yet I have always noticed that the laborers appear to enjoy it amazingly. Perhaps in proportion to the rest with which they apply themselves now, is their relish for the period of rest that follows the time of toil, and that the anticipation of the future, with its sweet glee, and [illegible] of the farmer. So it is with life. If we are careful to garner up the harvest of good deeds, if we have the resolution to turn from the tempting shades, and pleasant by-roads, that would woo us from the narrow path of duty, and, despite the noon-day sun, to labor for the end in view then we may smile at fatigue, and care, and sorrow, and look forward to our autumn days as a time of sweet content, when, "by the still waters, and through the green shade," a Father's hand shall guide us on the eternal rest. But I did not mean to moralize, and shall now proceed with my sketch. There is nothing transpiring at present of any importance besides the harvesting. Did you ever hear of anything being considered important in the country while that was in process? But if there is nothing else of interest just now, it was not so a week ago. Then there was quite a pleasant excitement in the neighborhood regarding the Fair and Festival which was being held at Queenstown. There was quite a number of visitors from different parts of the County, and some few from Baltimore and Washington. Every one seemed pleased with the entertainment, and with the arrangement of the rooms devoted to the Fair. The tables were arranged with exquisite taste, and filled with beautiful articles, which were sold, or raffled for the benefit of the occasion. A handsome set of silver was won by a commercial firm in Baltimore, a richly bound prayer-book by a gentleman in Queenstown, a large cake by a bright faced little Juvenile of our acquaintance, a set of jewelry by a lady from Baltimore and a number of other valuable prizes by various persons who probably care more for their possession than you do to hear of it, and as it would take too long to recount all the particulars, I shall not enter into further details of the raffles.—Every evening music and dancing added to the attractions of the Festival, and Queen Anne's county

"Gathered there her beauty and her chivalry."

Certainly both were well represented in the fair ladies and gallant gentlemen that graced the scene. Another class of the inhabitants of our county also figured in the festive hall, though, fortunately, in small numbers, this was the sable citizens, who obtained ingress as attendants on some of the ladies, and stood back in some corner with eyes distended in wonder at the brilliant scene and apparently struck dumb with amazement. They looked strangely like bronze statues, but (alas! for the fond hopes of those who are bent on elevating the character of the negro,) they developed some propensities that are never found in such ornaments. One dusky maid retreated precipitately, from the room, with a toilet box of perfumery, but was overtaken before she reached the street, and the article recovered. It is to be regretted that *this* statue has not been sent to Centreville to adorn a certain institution there until she has been taught to observe the command, "thou shalt not steal." Another of her tribe, a congenial spirit no doubt, performed a more successful robbery, by abstracting from one of the tables a handsome set of jewelry, jet and gold, which had been presented to the Festival by one of the large jewelry establishments in Baltimore. Nothing has since been heard of the *jetty* rogue, or the missing gems. We regret that the law has not favored this ebon damsel with a pair of bracelets to match the set.—With these two exceptions there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the Festival. Everything passed off delightfully, and excellent order prevailed during the entire time. Now everything has resumed its wonted aspect about town, and if every one were not so busy, it would be decidedly dull. I cannot say how it will be after harvest time is over; I presume that it will take a Festival, or some kind of amusement to rouse our people to life again.

I suppose the Excursion to Baltimore and Holly Grove of the 28th inst. will be largely attended, as affording some relaxation. Really the Eastern Shore is at last animated with the spirit of progress. She has shown a determination to provide facilities for commerce and for travel, she has turned her attention to the subject of emigration, she has established agricultural clubs, and literary societies of her own, and now she will no longer be circumscribed in her amusements. Formerly excursions came *to* the Eastern Shore, now we shall also have similar trips *from* this part of Maryland. Is not this a mark of improvement? We feel quite sure that those who have visited this fair peninsula, will be pleased to mark its awaking, and that this fact will not render their future trips to our borders less pleasant.

MIRIAM HOPE.

A DROVE OF IRISH BULLS.—The following was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament. The letter was addressed to a friend in London, and it is old enough to be new to nine out of ten readers:

My Dear Sir:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down and inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from those blood-thirsty Rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat nor any wine to drink except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this I hold a pen in one hand and a pistol in the other. I foresaw from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it until this morning.—Indeed, scarce a mail arrives without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach, with the mail from Dublin, was robbed near the town. The bags had been left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for thieves to take. Last Tuesday notice was given that a gang of Rebels were advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors nor any drums except bagpipes.

Immediately every man in the place, including men women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but at last we went, and began to be all alive again. Fortunately the Rebels had no guns but pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in the adjacent bogs, and in a very short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of a camp they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas, I have only time to add, that I am in a great hurry.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will write and let me know.

"WIFE, I am shortly to leave you—the doctor tells me I can live but a few hours at most. I shall be in heaven."

"What! you soon be in heaven? You! You'll never be any nearer than you are now, you old brute."

"Dolphus, Dolphus," hoarsely growled the old man, "Dolphus bring me my cane and let me larrup the trollop once more before I die."

"FATHER," said a four-year child, "I think you ain't wise."

"Why, child?"

"Because you have brought that baby here when mother is sick, and you have to get a woman to take care of it!"

"Go rock the cradle, Lucy, and let us hear no more of your jabber."

"I HAVE always been astonished," said Mrs. Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountflathers left my school. Seeing her gazing toward the sky, I asked her what she was looking for?"

"'That beau,' she said, 'which is told of in Genesis, as being set in the cloud. I wish he'd come down.'"

SPOILING THE ELOQUENCE.—*The Round Table*, a weekly paper published in New York, and apparently destined to hold a high place and wield a wide influence, in one of a series of reminiscences of Washington Irving, tells the following capital story. We have seen something like it before, but nothing so well done. It is hard to imagine how the eloquent and flute voiced Mr. Williams felt when he saw his "pathetics" so ludicrously murdered.

The case, if remembered rightly, was an act of murder. Mr. Williams, of course, on the ground of his power over the jury, was for the defence. His peroration was exceedingly touching and beautiful.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "if you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he is charged, after the adverse and irreiragable arguments which I have laid before you, pronounce your fatal verdict. Send him to lie in chains upon his dungeon floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands; than go the bosom of your families—go lay your head upon your pilows—and sleep if you can!"

The effect of these closing words of the great legal orator was at first thrilling; but by-and-by the pettifogger, who had volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said:

"Gentleman of the jury: I should despair, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, of saying anything to do away with its eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of life'n better that what he spoke it jest new. Onet I heard him speak it in a case of stealing down to Schaghticake; then he spoke it again in a case of rape to Æsopus; and the last time I heard it, before jest now, was when them niggers was tried and convicted, too, they was—for robbing farmer Van Pet's hen house over beyond Kingston. But I never known'd him to speak it so effectin' as what he spoke it jest now."

This was a poser. The jury looked at one another, and whispered together, and our pettifogger saw at once that he had got them; he stopped at once, closing with the single remark:

"If you can't see, gentleman of the Jury, that this one speech don't answer in all classes, then their no use of my saying anything more!"

And there wasn't; he had made his case, and the awarded him their verdict.

Consumption.—Long year after year we see some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be a hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of

Clergymen, orators, and public speakers	43
Farmers	40
Workmen	33
Soldiers	32
Lawyers	29
Professors	27
Doctors	24

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at good old age as often as the clergymen and others who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to neglect of the laws of health, inattention to proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper of a summer's day and sit around the doors in their shirt-sleeves; and in their tired condition and weakened circulation are easily chilled, laying the foundation for diarrhœa, billous colic, lung-fever, or consumption.—*Journal of Health.*

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—One man whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his appearance; which I had rarely observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indeney—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"

"Sure it is begging I am," was the reply.

"No! it is joking you are with me sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers? and the bones crying out thro' my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! is'nt it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"—*Leitch Ritchie's Ireland.*

Sterling Price was born about the year 1810, in Prince Edward county Virginia, a county which also gave birth to General Joseph E. Johnston, another of the most distinguished heroes of the war for Southern independence.